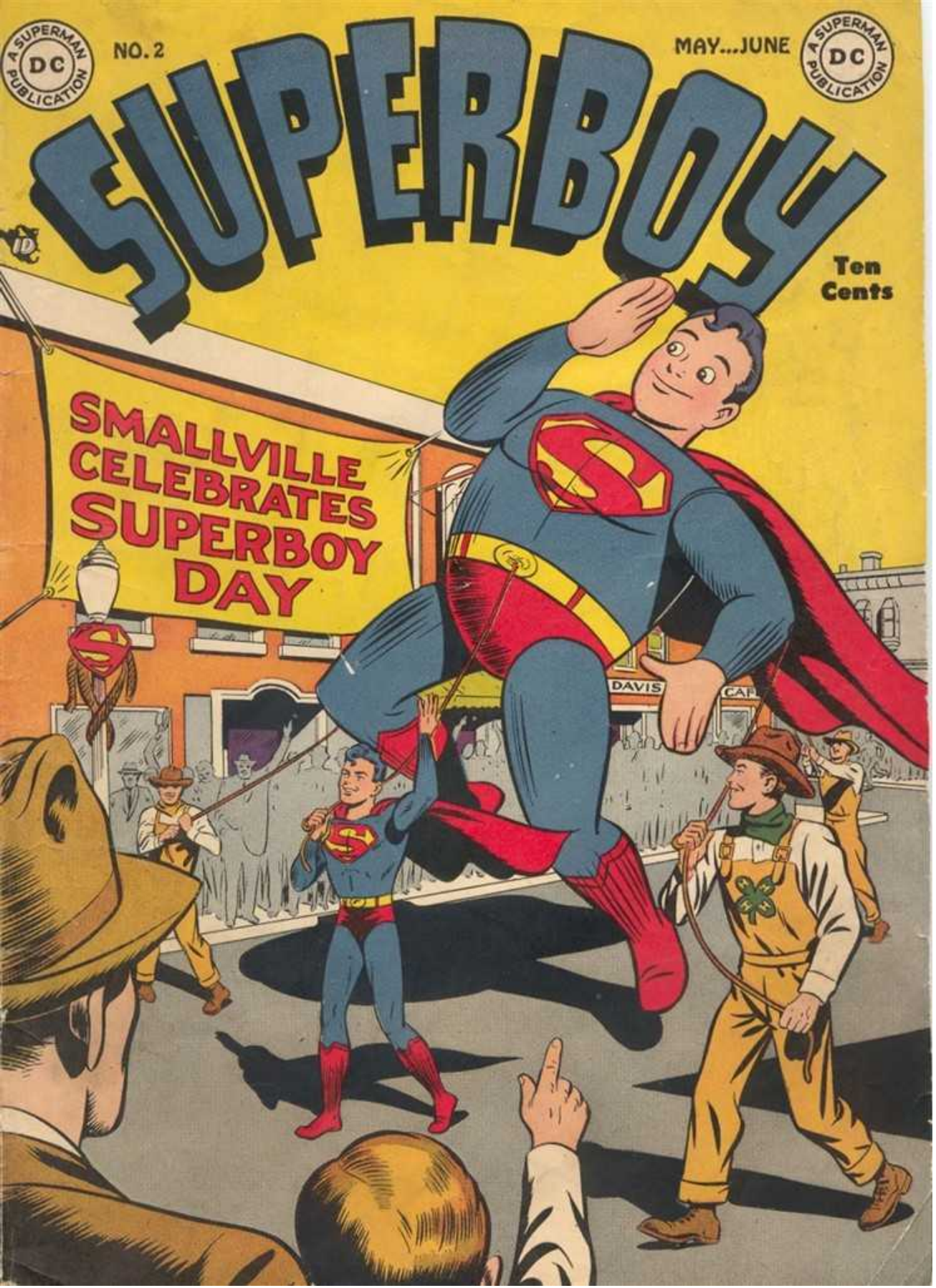
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
NO. 2
MAY...JUNE
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
SUPERBOY
Ten Cents
SMALLVILLE CELEBRATES SUPERBOY DAY
DAVIS

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN

WHEN HE WAS A BOY

IN HONOR OF SUPERBOY DAY WE PRESENT THE MOST AMAZING DOCUMENTARY FILM EVER MADE. SEE THE DAZZLING PARADE OF FEATS THAT HAVE MADE SUPERBOY FAMOUS. DON'T MISS "THE STUNTS OF SUPERBOY!"

SUPERBOY, No. 2. May-June, 1949. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, editor. Application as second class matter pending at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, $1.50 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire contents copyrighted 1949 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

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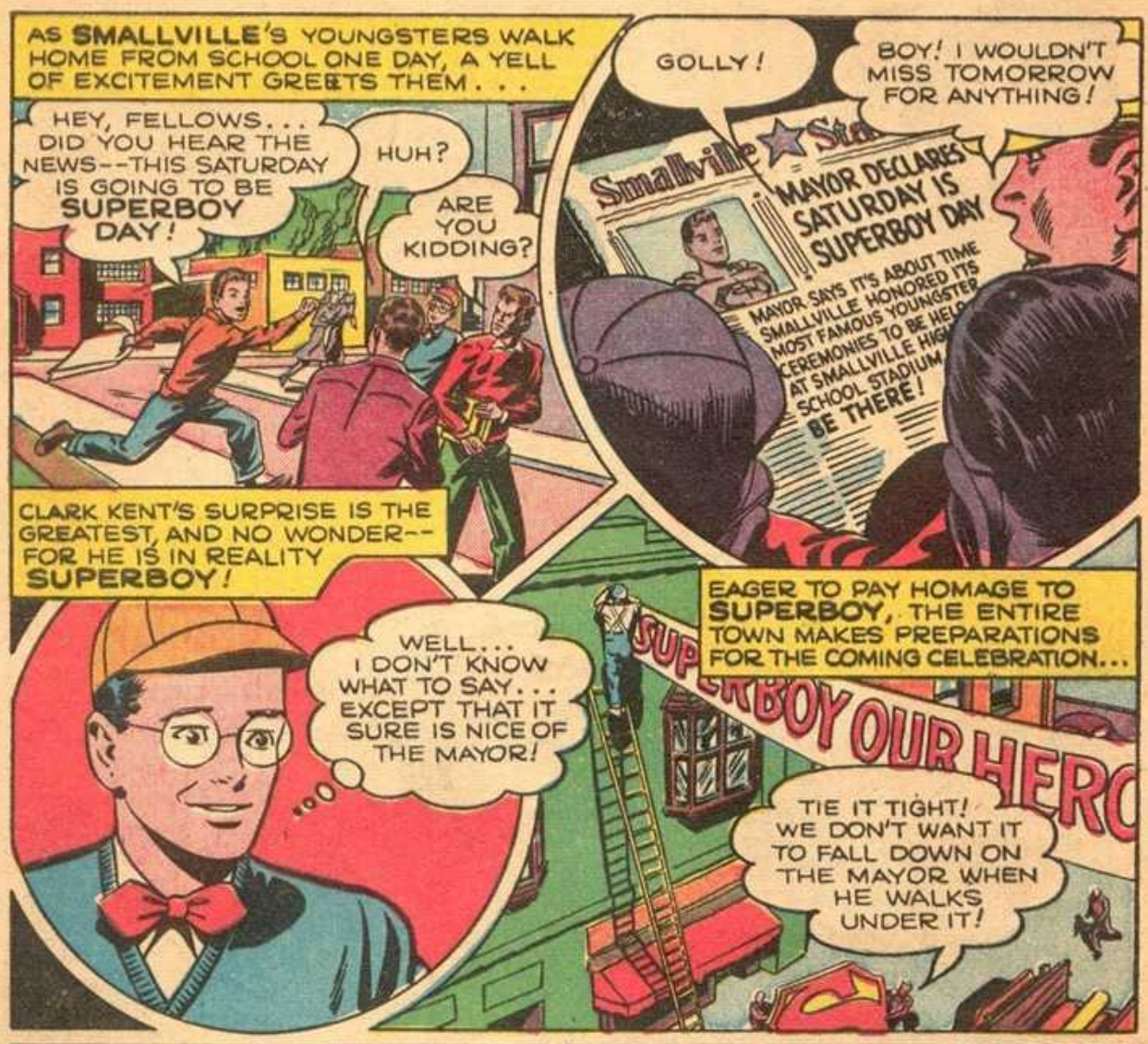

AS SMALLVILLE'S YOUNGSTERS WALK HOME FROM SCHOOL ONE DAY, A YELL OF EXCITEMENT GREETS THEM . . .
HEY, FELLOWS... DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS--THIS SATURDAY IS GOING TO BE SUPERBOY DAY!
HUH?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
GOLLY!
BOY! I WOULDN'T MISS TOMORROW FOR ANYTHING!
Smallville Star
MAYOR DECLARES SATURDAY IS SUPERBOY DAY
MAYOR SAYS IT'S ABOUT TIME SMALLVILLE HONORED ITS MOST FAMOUS YOUNGSTER. CEREMONIES TO BE HELD AT SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM. BE THERE!
CLARK KENT'S SURPRISE IS THE GREATEST, AND NO WONDER--FOR HE IS IN REALITY SUPERBOY!
WELL... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY... EXCEPT THAT IT SURE IS NICE OF THE MAYOR!
EAGER TO PAY HOMAGE TO SUPERBOY, THE ENTIRE TOWN MAKES PREPARATIONS FOR THE COMING CELEBRATION...
SUPERBOY OUR HERO
TIE IT TIGHT! WE DON'T WANT IT TO FALL DOWN ON THE MAYOR WHEN HE WALKS UNDER IT!

AND THE SMALLVILLE BAND DOES SOME MUSICAL HUFFING AND PUFFING AT ITS REHEARSAL . . .
NO..NO...NO! OTTO...MY NEW COMPOSITION, THE SUPERBOY MARCH, MUST BE PLAYED RIGHT! IT IS NOT OOMPA OOMPA...IT IS OOMPA...OOMPAPA!
OOMPA OOMPA...
2

SATURDAY--AND THE BAND IS READY, THE MAYOR IS READY, EVERYBODY'S READY...
WELL, WHERE'S SUPERBOY? DON'T TELL ME HE'S GOING TO BE LATE FOR HIS OWN CELEBRATION!
THERE HE IS! LET 'ER RIP, FELLAS!

YEA, SUPERBOY!
THAT'S HIM... UP ON THE BALLOON!
SUPERBOY OUR HERO
OOMPA!
OOMPA!
OTTO, IT'S OOMPAPA! TCH-TCH!

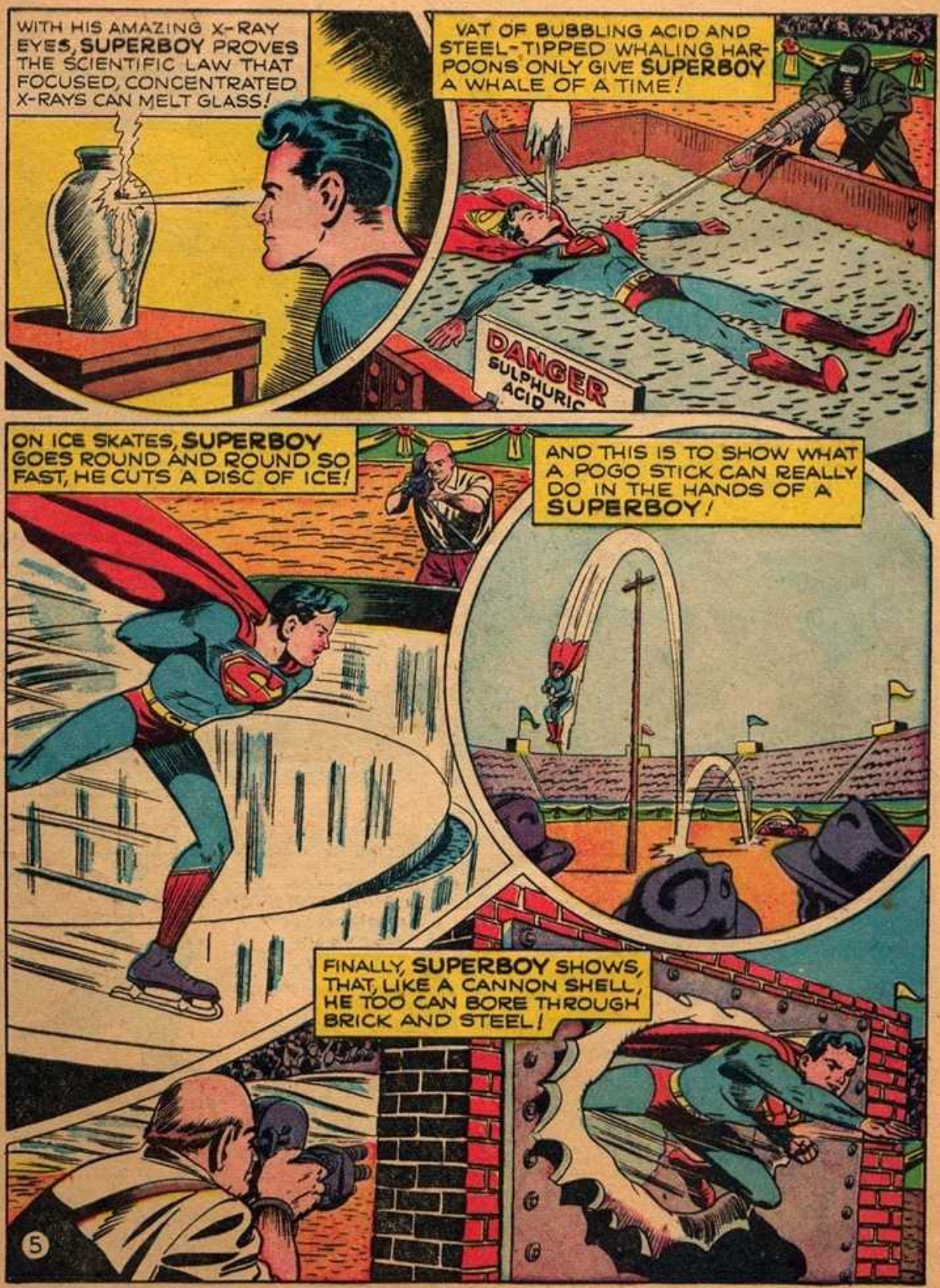
thanks
LATER, WITH A SMOKE TANK STRAPPED TO HIS BACK, SUPERBOY WRITES HIS GRATITUDE FOR ALL TO SEE!

AFTERWARD, AT THE CEREMONIES IN THE HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM...
SUPERBOY, SOME DAY YOU'LL BE A MAN, AND PEOPLE WILL SAY THAT SUPERBOY WAS NEVER AS GREAT AS SUPERMAN! BUT WE WANT TO SHOW FUTURE GENERATIONS THAT YOU WERE AMAZING AS A BOY, TOO...

...SO WE WANT TO MAKE A DOCUMENTARY FILM OF YOUR MOST FAMOUS FEATS, AND WE WANT RAY, HERE, TO PHOTOGRAPH THE STUNTS OF SUPERBOY!
OKAY WITH YOU, SUPERBOY?
SURE!
3

THESE ARE THE JUDGES! THEY WILL CHOOSE THE VARIOUS STUNTS YOU ARE TO PERFORM!
I'M ALL SET! LET'S GET STARTED!

TO HERALD THE PARADE OF STUNTS, SUPERBOY PLAYS A LITTLE MOOD MUSIC BY BECOMING THE ONE BOY BAND!
...HARRY JAMES...
...BENNY GOODMAN...
...EDDIE DUCHIN...
...AND GENE KRUPA DO THAT I CAN'T DO--AND ALL AT ONE TIME!
WHAT CAN HEIFETZ...
AND THEN THE DISPLAY OF FEATS BEGINS! A TUG-OF-WAR WITH AN ELEPHANT LEAVES NO DOUBT WHO IS THE VICTOR!
THEN SUPERBOY IMITATES A PORPOISE--BUT HE DOES IT BY BURROWING THROUGH LAND INSTEAD OF THE SEA!
NEXT, MAN-MADE LIGHTNING STRIKES, BUT IS LIKE A TICKLING FEATHER TO THE BOY OF STEEL!
WHEN IT COMES TO LUMBERING, NOT EVEN PAUL BUNYAN COULD DO THIS!
SENSATIONAL! WHY, WITH HIS BARE HAND HE'S SLICING THAT TREE LIKE A SAUSAGE!


WITH HIS AMAZING X-RAY EYES, SUPERBOY PROVES THE SCIENTIFIC LAW THAT FOCUSED, CONCENTRATED X-RAYS CAN MELT GLASS!
VAT OF BUBBLING ACID AND STEEL-TIPPED WHALING HARPOONS ONLY GIVE SUPERBOY A WHALE OF A TIME!
DANGER
SULPHURIC ACID
ON ICE SKATES, SUPERBOY GOES ROUND AND ROUND SO FAST, HE CUTS A DISC OF ICE!
AND THIS IS TO SHOW WHAT A POGO STICK CAN REALLY DO IN THE HANDS OF A SUPERBOY!
FINALLY, SUPERBOY SHOWS, THAT, LIKE A CANNON SHELL, HE TOO CAN BORE THROUGH BRICK AND STEEL!

AMONG THE INTERESTED SPECTATORS IS A CERTAIN GANG CHIEF AND HIS HIRELINGS...
NOW, FOLKS, SINCE IT'S ALMOST NOON, I SUGGEST WE HAVE AN INTERMISSION FOR LUNCH!
BOYS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW WE CAN USE SUPERBOY'S STUNTS!
NO KIDDIN', SCHEMER!
HOW, BOSS?
SOON AFTER, AS THE JUDGES PASS AN ALLEY ON THEIR WAY TO LUNCH...
WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, BOYS!
AFTERWARD, IN SCHEMER'S HIDEOUT...
CHEE, SCHEMER, WITH CHIN WHISKERS AND MAKEUP, WE LOOK LIKE THE REAL JUDGES!
EXACTLY! NOW WE'LL TELL SUPERBOY WHAT STUNTS TO PERFORM AND BENEFIT BY THEM!
LATER, DISGUISED AS THE JUDGES, SCHEMER AND HIS CRONIES BEGIN THEIR CRIMINAL PLAN...
LET'S SEE WHAT'S NEXT ON THE LIST! OH, YES, YOUR INVULNERABILITY TO BULLETS! PERHAPS THE STADIUM POLICE WILL OBLIGE...
SURE... THEY'LL BE GLAD TO!
IF ONLY SUPERBOY KNEW WHY I'M SUGGESTING THIS STUNT!
AND FOR THE DEMONSTRATION, THE STADIUM POLICE FIRE WHINING SLUGS AT THE BOY OF STEEL!
ASTOUNDING! HE'S CATCHING THE BULLETS IN HIS TEETH AND BARE HANDS!
THEN, WITH SINGLE SQUEEZES OF HIS POWERFUL HANDS, SUPERBOY COMPRESSES THE BULLETS INTO METAL BALLS!
THIS WAY, SUPERBOY... FACE THE CAMERA!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A JUGGLING ACT FOR ENTERTAINMENT!
6

VERY GOOD! NEXT, AS AN EXHIBITION OF SPEED, WE'D LIKE YOU TO REENACT YOUR NOW FAMOUS-- ONE-BOY BASEBALL GAME!
SCHEMER, HOW'S THIS GONNA HELP US?
STUPID, SUPERBOY WILL BE SO BUSY KEEPING HIS FAST PACE THAT HE WON'T NOTICE OUR BOYS AT WORK!
AN INSTANT LATER, THE SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM MAKES HISTORY AS THE SITE OF THE MOST AMAZING BASEBALL GAME ON RECORD!
THERE GOES THE PITCH!
THE HIT!
THE CATCH!
THE SLIDE!
THE OUT!

AND AT THE SAME INSTANT...
HAND OVER THEM ROCKS, LADY!
WHAT... MY GUN'S EMPTY!
HOLD IT, COPPER! YOU AIN'T GOT NO BULLETS LEFT FOR US!
CLICK! CLICK!
HAW! SO THAT'S WHY SCHEMER HAD THEM SHOOT SLUGS AT SUPERBOY!
7

BUT THE BANDITS UNDERESTIMATE SUPERBOY'S AMAZING VISION, WHICH CAN SEE MANY THINGS AT ONCE!
IT'S TIME I DID SOME PITCHING-- SOUTH AMERICAN STYLE!
EXIT

IRONICALLY, SUPERBOY FELLS THE BANDITS WITH THE POLICEMEN'S BULLETS!
EXIT
THE BASEBALL CORD AND THE BULLET BALLS MAKE FINE GAUCHO BOLOS!
THAT'S IT, SUPERBOY... SMILE! WONDERFUL!
SCHEMER, DIS AIN'T WORKIN' OUT LIKE WE PLANNED!
WE'VE JUST GOT TO BE CLEVERER! WATCH ME FOOL HIM THIS TIME!
NOW, SUPERBOY, WE'D LIKE A DEMONSTRATION OF THE STRENGTH OF YOUR HANDS BY HAVING YOU MAKE DIAMONDS!
SINCE COAL IS CARBON, SUPERBOY COMPRESSES TWO CHUNKS...
...UNTIL THE INTENSE PRESSURE MAKES THEM GLOW AT WHITE HEAT...
...AND TURNS THEM INTO THE PUREST OF ALL CARBONS--- DIAMONDS!

AH! SPLENDID! I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THEM, AND TURN THEM OVER TO CHARITY! AHEM!
HAW! SCHEMER NOT ONLY TRICKS SUPERBOY INTO MAKING DIAMONDS FOR US, BUT HE HAS SUPERBOY GIVE 'EM TO US!
LET'S SEE... THE NEXT STUNT CALLS FOR YOU SHATTERING AN ICEBERG WITH YOUR VOICE!
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!
HOLD ON, RAY! NORTH POLE... HERE WE COME!
HOW ABOUT STOPPING AT MY HOUSE SO I CAN GET MY OVERCOAT AND A HOT WATER BOTTLE? WHERE WE'RE GOING, IT'S COLD!
I DON'T GET IT, SCHEMER... HOW'S THIS STUNT GONNA MAKE DOUGH FER US?
THE BOYS HAVE MY INSTRUCTIONS! THEY KNOW WHAT TO DO!
MOMENTS LATER, UNDER THE GLOWING CURTAIN OF THE AURORA BOREALIS...
STUPENDOUS! NO ICEBERGS LOOSE, SO SUPERBOY IS BREAKING ONE OFF A GLACIER!
BUT AS SUPERBOY RETURNS, HE IS OBSERVED THROUGH BINOCULARS!
HE'S BACK! GET SET, GUYS!
9

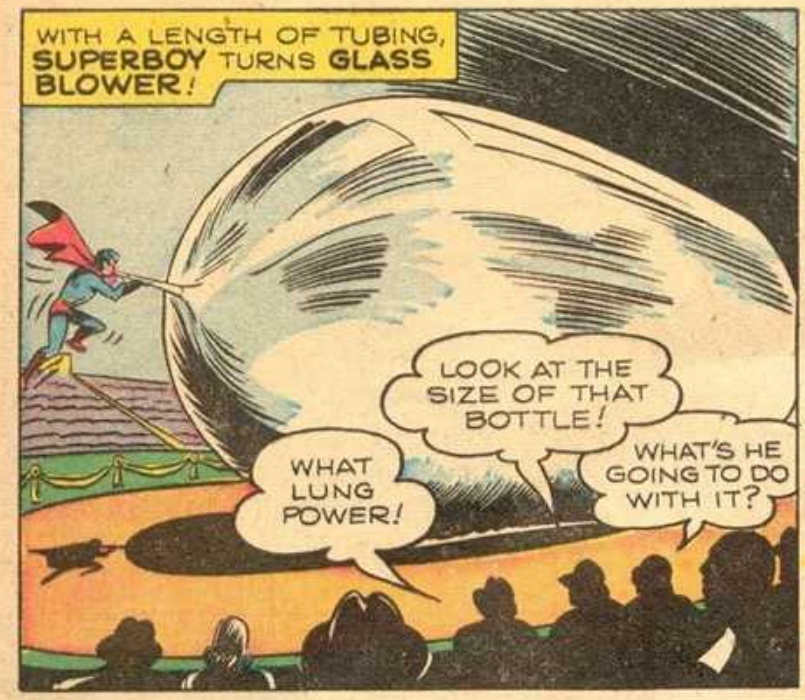
THE CONDENSER'S ALL SET!
HAW! SUPERBOY DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT WHEN HE YELLS OUR AMPLIFIER WILL PICK UP THE SOUND AND IT WILL BLAST THE BANK DOORS OPEN!
CENTRAL BANK REAR ENTRANCE

NOT ONLY THE ICEBERG IS SHATTERED BY THAT THUNDERBOLT SHOUT, FOR...
CRA-AA-ACK!
CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-
THAR SHE BLOWS!
AND THERE GOES THE BANKS' BURGLAR ALARMS! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST NOW!

SUPERBOY'S SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING PICKS UP THE ALARM, AND, USING HIS TELESCOPIC VISION, HE SIZES UP THE SCENE...
SO THAT'S IT! HMM-MM! PERHAPS I CAN CAPTURE THEM AND ENTERTAIN THE CROWD AT THE SAME TIME!
BANK
10

ONE MIGHTY SUSTAINED NOTE BURSTS FROM SUPERBOY'S THROAT -- SO PIERCING NO EARS ON EARTH CAN HEAR IT -- YET ITS CONCUSSIVE FORCE IS LIKE A THOUSAND BATTLESHIP BROADSIDES!
CRA-AA-ACK
AAA-AA-AAAA
SENSATIONAL!

PULVERIZING SAND IN THE CRUCIBLE OF HIS PALMS, SUPERBOY CREATES SUCH INTENSE FRICTION-HEAT THAT THE SAND BECOMES MOLTEN SILICON!
HE'S MAKING GLASS! AMAZING!


WITH A LENGTH OF TUBING, SUPERBOY TURNS GLASS BLOWER!
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT BOTTLE!
WHAT LUNG POWER!
WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO WITH IT?

METEOR-SWIFT, SUPERBOY STREAKS TO THE ESCAPING BANDITS AND . . .
LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

DASHING BACK TO THE STADIUM WITH LUMBER AND MATERIAL, SUPERBOY GOES TO WORK INSIDE THE BOTTLE!

BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED SPECTATORS, THE LUMBER TAKES SHAPE, AND LO AND BEHOLD--!!
YOU'VE SEEN MODEL SHIPS INSIDE BOTTLES, BUT HERE'S A FULL-SIZED REPLICA OF AN OLD TIME CONVICT SHIP! AND I'VE INCLUDED THE CONVICTS!
11

AT THIS LAST DEFEAT BY SUPERBOY, THE BOGUS JUDGES DECIDE IT'S TIME TO RETIRE . . .
HEH, HEH . . . WELL, SUPERBOY . . . ER . . . THAT COMPLETES THE LIST OF STUNTS! GOOD-BYE!
WE GOT THE DIAMOND'S, ANYHOW!
WAIT! YOU FORGOT ANOTHER STUNT-- WHERE I MAKE LIKE A HURRICANE!

IT'S A TYPHOON!
IT'S A HURRICANE!
IT'S SUPERBOY!
SCHEMER SEATON AND HIS BOYS! THEY WERE THE "JUDGES" IN MAKEUP!
YES... I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! MY X-RAY VISION SHOWED ME THEIR REAL FACES LONG AGO! BUT I PLAYED ALONG SO I COULD ARREST THEIR GANG AT EACH ROBBERY ATTEMPT!
AH! THE DIAMONDS--AND THEY'LL GO TO A REAL CHARITY NOW!
WELL... WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE REAL JUDGES? TALK!
STOP BOUNCING ME! I'LL TALK!
STUPENDOUS!
LATER, SUPERBOY WINS THE GRATITUDE OF THE MAYOR AND THE RESCUED JUDGES...
SUPERBOY, SO THAT YOUR FEATS WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN, THE MOVIES OF YOUR EXPLOITS WILL BE BURIED IN A TIME CAPSULE!
ONE WEEK LATER, AT AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY, A GLEAMING SPHEROID IS BURIED INTO THE EARTH!
WE DEDICATE THIS TIME CAPSULE TO TODAY'S SUPERBOY AND THE SUPERMAN OF TOMORROW!
THAT NIGHT, YOUNG CLARK KENT STANDS BEFORE A PLAQUE ERECTED OVER THE TIME CAPSULE...
I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE FUTURE--AND I'M GOING TO KEEP IT!
THE SUPERBOY TIME CAPSULE
ONLY ONE PERSON SHOULD OPEN THE SUPERBOY TIME CAPSULE
SOME DAY IN THE FUTURE, AND THAT PERSON SHOULD BE SUPERMAN
THE END

LITTLE PETE
H'LO, PETE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'M RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME! I'M MAD AT MY FAMILY!
I'LL SHOW 'EM! I WON'T COME BACK UNTIL I'M AN OLD MAN - MAYBE WHEN I'M TWENTY-ONE!
FIVE O'CLOCK!
IT'S NEAR SUPPER TIME! I BETTER HURRY HOME. MA GETS ANGRY IF I'M LATE FOR SUPPER!
THE END

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PRINT NAME & ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW

VARSITY VIC
YIPES! LOOK AT THIS SWELL REPORT CARD!
HENRY BOLTINOFF

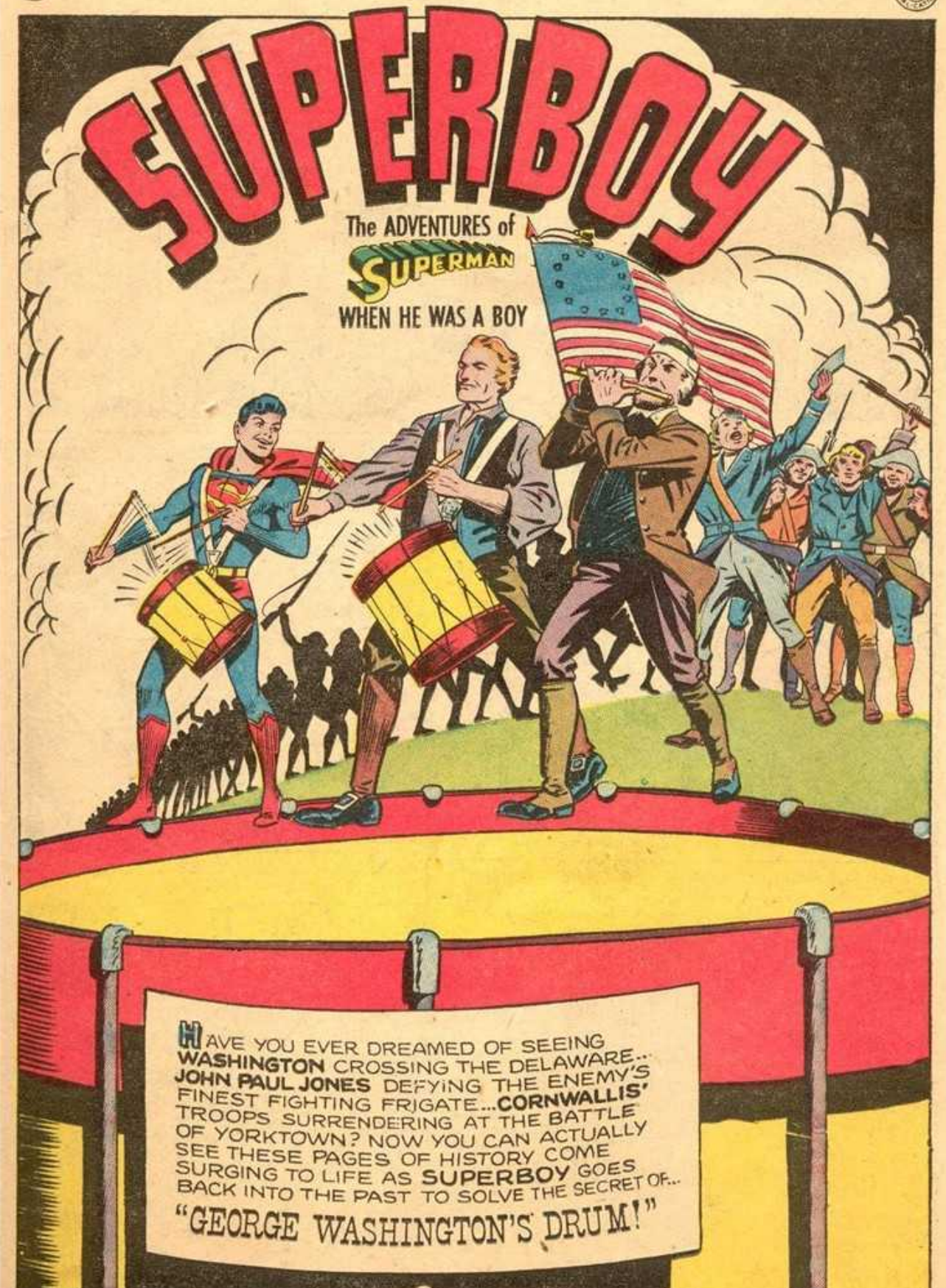
WAIT'LL DAD SEES THIS - WON'T HE BE SURPRISED!

OKAY, BABS - THE DATE'S ON FOR TONIGHT!
GOOD!

DAD PROMISED ME FIVE DOLLARS IF I GOT GOOD MARKS - AND I DOOD IT!

I'LL SPRING THIS ON HIM AT DINNER TONIGHT!

VIC!
COME DOWN HERE!
LOOK AT THIS REPORT CARD - NOT A SINGLE PASSING MARK! AND AFTER ALL I LECTURED YOU!
WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING ABOUT?
I FOUND VIC'S REPORT CARD LYING ON THE COFFEE TABLE -- AND IT'S MOST DISAPPOINTING!
I WAS CLEANING UP THE ATTIC TODAY AND FOUND YOUR OLD SCHOOL BOOKS - THIS WAS SLIPPED INTO ONE! LOOK AGAIN -- IT'S YOURS!
THE END


SUPERBOY
The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY
HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED OF SEEING WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE... JOHN PAUL JONES DEFYING THE ENEMY'S FINEST FIGHTING FRIGATE...CORNWALLIS' TROOPS SURRENDERING AT THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN? NOW YOU CAN ACTUALLY SEE THESE PAGES OF HISTORY COME SURGING TO LIFE AS SUPERBOY GOES BACK INTO THE PAST TO SOLVE THE SECRET OF...
"GEORGE WASHINGTON'S DRUM!"

ONE AFTERNOON, AS YOUNG CLARK KENT AND HIS HISTORY CLASS SCHOOLMATES VIEW A MUSEUM EXHIBIT OF RELICS FROM THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—
AND THIS CANNON WAS TAKEN FROM THE BRITISH GENERAL CORNWALLIS AT THE SURRENDER IN YORKTOWN!
THIS DRUM WAS RECENTLY FOUND IN AN OLD ATTIC! IT WAS OBVIOUSLY USED BY SOME DRUMMER BOY IN THE AMERICAN ARMY!
GOLLY! CAN I TRY THOSE DRUM STICKS, SIR?
GEE... IT HARDLY MAKES ANY NOISE!
HMM... SOMETHING INSIDE MUFFLES THE SOUND! I'LL HAVE THE CURATOR CHECK ON IT!
DRR-RR
CURIOUS, CLARK KENT SECRETLY USES HIS X-RAY VISION... FOR THIS SEEMINGLY MEEK LAD IS REALLY SUPERBOY!
THERE'S A FAMILIAR RED MATERIAL INSIDE! WHY... IT LOOKS LIKE A CAPE FROM ONE OF MY SUPERBOY COSTUMES!
Ooo...
THAT NIGHT, A COLORFUL FIGURE DARTS SOUNDLESSLY THROUGH THE MUSEUM HALLS.
WAS THAT MY CAPE? I'VE GOT TO KNOW!
CAREFULLY, SUPERBOY UNBINDS THE DRUM, AND SEES...
DUST... STRIPS OF OLD BANDAGES... THE ROTTING REMAINS OF BLUE CLOTH... YET THIS RED CAPE IS AS GOOD AS NEW! I WONDER...? BUT I MUST TEST IT TO MAKE SURE!
2

INSTANTS LATER FINDS SUPERBOY AND THE RED CLOTH IN THE BOILING INFERNO OF A VOLCANO...
HMM! FLAME HAS NO EFFECT UPON IT!
NEXT COMES A BATH IN A VAT OF BUBBLING ACID!
DANGER ACID
ACID DOESN'T EVEN DISCOLOR IT!
LATER...
FINALLY HE FLASHES DOWN BEFORE SURPRISED MARKSMEN AT A TARGET RANGE...
SUPERBOY! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
INTERSTATE TARGET RANGE
IT'S BULLETPROOF, TOO! IT MUST BE MY CAPE! ONLY SUPERBOY'S CAPE IS INVULNERABLE TO TIME, THE ELEMENTS AND BULLETS!
BUT HOW COULD MY CAPE GET INSIDE A DRUM FROM THE TIME OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION? I MUST FIND THE ANSWER... BUT THE ANSWER IS SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST!
PERHAPS IF I RACE FAST ENOUGH, I CAN BREAK THROUGH THE DIMENSIONS OF SPACE AND TIME AND HURL MYSELF INTO THE PAST! WELL... HERE GOES....
LIKE A BLUR OF COLOR, THE BOY OF STEEL RIPS THROUGH SPACE, AT SUPER-VELOCITY, RUNNING A RACE WITH TIME ITSELF!
3

AND MOMENTS LATER...OR IS IT CENTURIES BEFORE?...
WELL, I'M NOT WHERE--OR WHEN--I WAS, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I MADE IT! HAVE TO SNEAK CLOSER AND FIND OUT.

NOISELESSLY, SUPERBOY CREEPS UP BEHIND A PAIR OF SENTRIES.
IMACHINE! VASHINKTON HASS BEEN CHASED ACROSS DER RIFFER DELAVARE...UND VE HESSIANS HAFF TO STAND GUARD CHUST DER SAME!
HESSIANS! THAT MEANS I'M BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO HELP HISTORY ALONG!

SPEEDING PAST THE VICTORY-INTOXICATED GERMAN MERCENARIES, SUPERBOY LIFTS UP THE TAVERN WHERE THEY ARE REJOICING...
MOST OF THE HESSIANS ARE INSIDE CELEBRATING, AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
VOT...? I GOT TO GET DER EYEGLASSES---T'INGS I AM SEEING VHICH ARE NOT SO!

...AND SPINS IT RAPIDLY OVER HIS HEAD!
I GUESS THIS IS THE FIRST MERRY-GO-ROUND IN HISTORY!
OUT OF MY VAY!
I QUIT, TOO!

INSIDE THE WHIRLING TAVERN....
YI! I'M DIZZY! DIS IS VORSE DAN SEASICKNESS!
4

THEN, SETTING DOWN HIS DAZED AND DIZZY PASSENGERS, SUPERBOY FLASHES ACROSS THE ICE-CHOKED DELAWARE RIVER!
THAT'S GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CAMP DOWN THERE! LOOKS LIKE A PICTURE OUT OF THE HISTORY BOOKS!

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
A PATRIOTIC AMERICAN WHO LOVES LIBERTY AND HATES TYRANNY! I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON!
GOOD NEWS WOULD BE WELCOME THIS NIGHT, BOY!
GENERAL WASHINGTON!
GOLLY...GEORGE WASHINGTON HIMSELF! WHAT THE KIDS IN MY CLASS WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE IN MY BOOTS!
SIR, I'VE JUST LEFT THE HESSIAN CAMP! THEY'RE ALL BUSY CELEBRATING! THIS IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO ATTACK!
HMM! CAN I BELIEVE YOUR STORY? ARE YOU AN ENEMY SPY? NO...YOUR EYES ARE HONEST! I TRUST YOU!
ORDERS ARE SHOUTED, AND SOON THE BARGES, LOADED WITH MEN AND CANNON, PUSH INTO THE ICE-CLOGGED RIVER!
SURELY THE COLD HAS ADDLED MY SENSES... FOR NO LAD COULD LIFT A CANNON BY HIMSELF!
THUS IT IS THAT SUPERBOY OF THE PRESENT AIDS THE BATTERED HEROES OF THE PAST IN A HISTORY-MAKING EVENT--- THE CROSSING OF THE DELAWARE!

NOTING THAT THE ROUGH WATERS THREATEN TO CAPSIZE THE ALREADY OVERLOADED BARGES, SUPERBOY FLASHES TO ANOTHER STATE AND...
THERE'S ENOUGH SHALE ROCK HERE FOR MY PURPOSE!
THEN HIS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH SQUEEZES THE OIL-LADEN SHALE UNTIL ITS LIQUID SMOOTHES THE CHOPPY RIVER!
LAY TO YOUR OARS, MEN! WE'LL MAKE THE SHORE NOW!
STILL DAZED AND BEWILDERED FROM THEIR SPINNING RIDE, THE HESSIANS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE INSPIRED ATTACKERS...
DON'T SHOOD!
I GIVE UP... UND I'M GLAD TO DO IT!
OH! OH! THAT MERCENARY HAS GEORGE WASHINGTON IN HIS SIGHTS!
A GIGANTIC SNOWBALL PUTS THE HESSIANS ON ICE!
BANG
YOU CAN'T CHANGE HISTORY, MISTER.... GEORGE WASHINGTON HAS TO LIVE TO BE OUR FIRST PRESIDENT AND THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY!
LATER THAT NIGHT, GEORGE WASHINGTON WRITES THE LAST PAGE OF HIS REPORT TO THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS...
"... AND SIRS, THIS REMARKABLE BOY, A SUPERBOY, HELPED OUR BRAVE MEN WIN A GREAT VICTORY..."

BUT AS **WASHINGTON** SLEEPS, A SUDDEN WIND SCATTERS THE PAPERS, AND **SUPERBOY'S** NAME IS LOST FROM HISTORY'S **HALL OF FAME!**

MEANWHILE, **SUPERBOY** HIMSELF CARRIES THE HEARTENING NEWS TO THE PILOTS OF THE REVOLUTION...

BEN FRANKLIN... ADAMS... HANCOCK... WASHINGTON HAS WON AT TRENTON!

AT LAST!

NOW WE CAN TELL THE PEOPLE **GOOD** NEWS FOR A CHANGE!

I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW MY CAPE GOT INTO THAT DRUM, BUT ONE THING I **DO** KNOW- WASHINGTON NEEDS A **NAVAL** VICTORY, TOO!

IT IS NOW 1779, AND SOMEWHERE NEAR THE ENGLISH COAST A BRITISH MAN-O'-WAR BOMBARDS A LISTING AMERICAN VESSEL...

SURRENDER NOW, WHILE YOU'RE ABLE TO GET OFF YOUR SINKING SHIP!

THEN, FROM THE AMERICAN COMMANDER... **JOHN PAUL JONES**...COMES THE MEMORABLE REPLY...

NO! I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT!

IN RETALIATION, THE BRITISH **SERAPIS** LOOSES A BROADSIDE AT THE AMERICAN- **BON HOMME RICHARD,** BUT....

WHAT? EVERY BALL MISSED!

I...I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT, SIR! ONE MORE BROADSIDE WILL SINK HER!

ANOTHER BROADSIDE... ANOTHER MISS... AND THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE!
HOW CAN THEY HIT THEIR TARGET WHEN SUPERBOY IS TILTING THEIR SHIP?
LUCKILY, PLENTY OF CANNON BALLS FELL! NOW I'LL JUST POKE A HOLE INTO EACH ONE....
DESPITE HIS AID, THE AMERICAN SHIP IS ON THE POINT OF SINKING, SUPERBOY DIVES TO THE OCEAN FLOOR....
LIKE COMPRESSED AIR PUMPS, SUPERBOY'S POWERFUL LUNGS EXPAND THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF THE IRON CANNON BALLS...
WHOO-OO-OOSH!
I CAN BLOW THEM UP LIKE RUBBER BALLOONS!
THEN, AFTER PLUGGING THE AIR FLOATS WITH SEA WEED, HE CRAMS THEM INTO THE HOLD OF THE AMERICAN SHIP!
THERE... THEY'LL HOLD UP THE SHIP FOR AWHILE!
NOW COMES SUPERBOY'S FINAL TRICK...
BY OLD GLORY, WE'RE MOVING... EVEN THOUGH OUR STEERING GEAR IS BROKEN! NOW WE'LL MAKE THIS AN EVEN FIGHT IF WE CAN GRAPPLE WITH THE SERAPIS AND BOARD HER!

SHORTLY AFTER, THE BLURRED FIGURE OF SUPERBOY LEADS THE BOARDING PARTY TO THE ENEMY SHIP!
UP AND AT THEM, MEN... FOR THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS AND LIBERTY!
MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THIS FIGHT A SHORT ONE!
AND WHEN SUPERBOY IS POSITIVE THE BRITISH ARE DEFEATED...
WELL, I'VE SOLVED JOHN PAUL JONES' PROBLEM... BUT MY PROBLEM OF THE CAPE AND DRUM IS STILL A MYSTERY!
OVER BRITISH GENERAL CLINTON'S HEADQUARTERS, SUPERBOY SPIES A GALLOPING HORSEMAN AND LISTENS IN....
I COME FROM GENERAL CORNWALLIS' HEADQUARTERS, SIR! HE URGES YOU TO SEND HIM MORE TROOPS!
MY NEW YORK POSITION IS MORE STRATEGIC THAN HIS AT YORK-TOWN! TELL HIM THE TROOPS STAY HERE!
HMM!
SOON AFTER, SUPERBOY TELLS THE NEWS TO GENERAL WASHINGTON...
IF THE BRITISH ARMY IS SPLIT UP AS YOU SAY, THEN THIS IS THE TIME TO STRIKE AT CORNWALLIS FOR COMPLETE VICTORY!
ON THE LONG HARD JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK TO YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA, SUPERBOY FLASHES AHEAD AS WASHINGTON'S LOOKOUT....
ALL CLEAR AHEAD, SIR! NO ENEMY IN SIGHT!
FINALLY, YORKTOWN... WHERE SUPERBOY TRANSPORTS AND PLACES THE HEAVY CANNON...

BUT THE MEN ARE NOT YET PREPARED TO ATTACK . . .
GENERAL WASHINGTON, THE MEN ARE TIRED FROM OUR LONG MARCH, AND THEIR SPIRITS ARE LOW!
IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY I COULD FLAG THEIR SPIRITS HIGH AGAIN . . .
LISTENING IN ARE SUPERBOY . . . AND WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL DRUMMER BOY!
I WONDER IF THE MEN WOULD BE AROUSED IF I PLANTED OUR FLAG IN ENEMY TERRITORY?
LET ME TRY! IF THEY SEE ME . . . A MERE BOY . . . DO IT, THEN THEY'D TAKE HEART!
BUT GENERAL WASHINGTON WOULD NEVER ALLOW ME TO RISK MY LIFE! HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME A FLAG . . . AND I NEED ONE!
THAT'S SIMPLE --- WE'LL MAKE A FLAG WITH MY CAPE! YOU GET SOME BLUE CLOTH -- HURRY!
SOON AFTER . . .
SINCE NO NEEDLE COULD PIERCE MY CAPE, I'LL JUST PRESS THE CLOTH ON WITH MY SUPER-STRENGTH!
THOSE BANDAGES MAKE WONDERFUL STRIPES! BUT WHAT ABOUT STARS!
DARTING OFF, SUPERBOY DREDGES UP CHUNKS OF PHOSPHOROUS FROM THE EARTH . . .
RETURNING, SUPERBOY MAKES A WHITE PASTE OF THE PHOSPHOROUS, AND PAINTS STARS ON THE FIELD OF BLUE!
THIS FLAG MUST COME AS A SURPRISE TO BOTH THE ENEMY AND OUR MEN, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO HIDE IT UNTIL THE RIGHT MOMENT!
I KNOW A WAY . . .
10

MOMENTS LATER, THE ENEMY SEES AN AMAZING SIGHT . . .
SIR, LOOK . . . IT'S A CRAZY BOY . . . MARCHING TOWARD US!
IT MUST BE A YANKEE TRICK OF SOME KIND! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

BUT AS SHOT AND SHELL WHINE, A "GUARDIAN ANGEL" RUNS INTERFERENCE FOR THE COURAGEOUS DRUMMER BOY!
KEEP ON MARCHING, DRUMMER BOY . . . WE CAN'T STOP NOW!

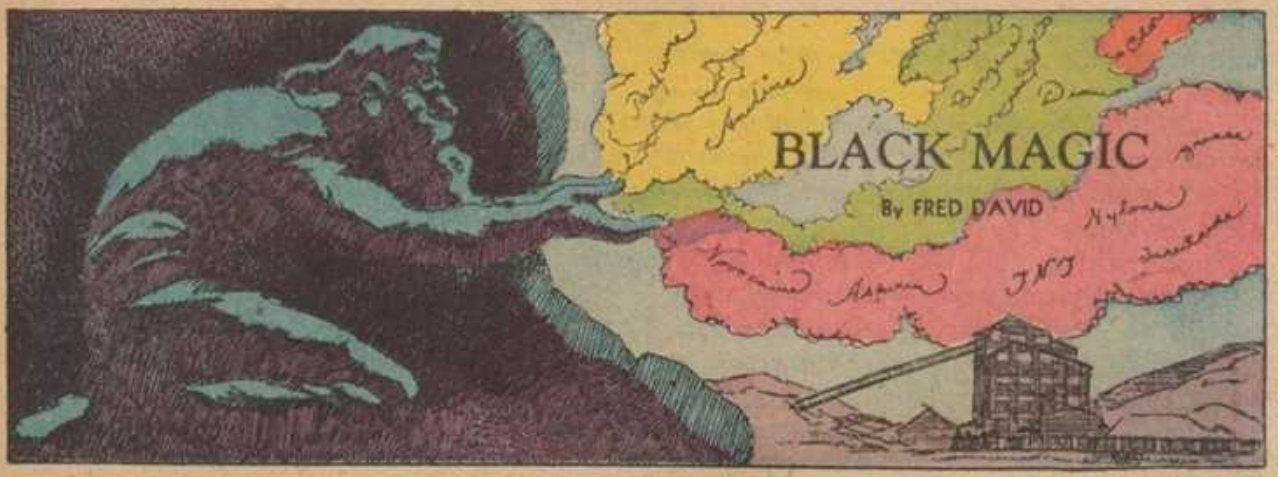
AS SUPERBOY DISTRACTS THE ENEMY, THE DRUMMER BOY SUDDENLY RUNS UP THE AMERICAN FLAG ON CORNWALLIS' OWN TENT!
HUH? HE'S BENDING OUR CANNON AS IF IT WERE TAFFY!

AS THE AMERICAN TROOPS SEE THE FLAG'S LUMINOUS STARS GLEAM, THEY SURGE FORWARD AS ONE MAN AND CHARGE!
THE STARS OF OUR FLAG ARE SHINING, LADS--FOR US!
IF A HALF-GROWN DRUMMER BOY CAN DEFY THE ENEMY, WE GROWN MEN CAN FIGHT THEM!

SO THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN BEGINS AND ON OCTOBER 19, 1781, CORNWALLIS SURRENDERS AND THE AMERICANS ARE VICTORIOUS!
GENERAL WASHINGTON, MY GENERAL CORNWALLIS SENDS YOU HIS SWORD!

LATER, IN HIS TENT, CORNWALLIS WRITES IN HIS DIARY . . .
". . . A BOY, A MERE BOY, HAS HELPED THE YANKEES WIN. I SAW HIM, BENDING CANNON, LAUGHING AT CANNON BALLS. I SAW BULLETS BOUNCE FROM HIS BODY. I . . ."

WITH SUDDEN RAGE, CORNWALLIS RIPS THE PAGE IN TWO . . .
BAH! WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT? THEY'D SAY I'D LOST MY SENSES! YET, I SAW IT... I SAW IT...
MEANWHILE, THE DRUMMER BOY IS A HERO...
TELL ME, LAD, WHERE DID YOU CONCEAL THE FLAG UNTIL YOU RAN IT UP OVER THE ENEMY?
I HID IT IN MY DRUM, SIR!
THEN LEAVE THAT FLAG IN YOUR DRUM! I SHOULD LIKE TO KEEP THEM BOTH AS A SOUVENIR OF THIS VICTORY!
SO NOW I KNOW! I CAN GO BACK NOW!
AND ONCE AGAIN, AT HIGH VELOCITY, SUPERBOY TEARS THROUGH THE VEIL OF TIME . . .
NOW I UNDERSTAND-- SOMEHOW THE DRUM WAS MISLAID! OVER THE YEARS, THE BANDAGES CAME LOOSE, THE BLUE CLOTH ROTTED, AND THE PHOSPHOROUS STARS TURNED TO DUST! THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED!
THE NEXT DAY, IN CLASS, CLARK KENT ANSWERS A QUESTION IN HISTORY...
WAS IT GENERAL CORNWALLIS HIMSELF WHO SURRENDERED HIS SWORD TO WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN?
NO, MA'AM... CORNWALLIS STAYED IN HIS TENT!
AND I OUGHT TO KNOW-- I WAS THERE!
THE END.
12



RIP Van Winkle was a light sleeper compared to Mr. Coal. Where "Old Rip" dropped off to sleep for but a few years, Mr. Coal has been slumbering deep in the earth for about 18 million years. A sleep so refreshing to Mr. Coal that when he finally did awaken he astounded the world with his generous gifts, his bounty of beauty, and his all-around amazing talents.

Don't ever think that Mr. Coal is but a hard lump of black matter to be fed into a pot-bellied stove, or a furnace to supply warmth when the chill of winter is upon you. No, far from it!

Mr. Coal is much more generous than that. In fact, you will hardly believe it, but every day you may brush your teeth or comb your hair with a form of coal, wear a sweater, suit or socks of coal. In fact, you'll probably be surprised to learn that some form of soft coal is in practically every room of your home. And when you bait a wriggling beauty of a trout down at the Old Fishing Hole, Mr. Coal is right there helping with the catch.

In the days of old, before the marvels of electricity were discovered, coal was just coal. It had but two simple purposes—to burn in a stove to produce heat, and to give off a gas that illuminated homes and factories.

In order that a gas be given off, coal was put into a chamber (*retort*) from which the air had been removed. Heat was then applied to the *retort*, thereby liberating a gas, which was stored in large tanks familiar to everyone, and from which the gas was sent out to users in pipes.

After the gas had thus been taken out of coal (*destructive distillation*), there was left coke (pure carbon) and a black, evil smelling sticky substance named coal tar. The evil smelling coal tar was dumped unceremoniously adjacent to the gas works, thereby creating a stench more often known as "Down by the Gas Works."

But what to do with this coal tar? It created an utter nuisance of disposal and it was of no great importance to man. Or wasn't it?

Since there was so much of it, and since it was so difficult to get rid of, chemists began to wonder if it couldn't be put to some good purpose.

Around 1861, a young English scientist named William Perkin, decided to experiment with this coal tar. He put some of it in a *retort* and applied heat. Surprising things began to happen almost at once. A number of different smelling gases, liquids and solids evolved from the black substance. Some of these were yellowish in color, others greenish, still others colorless. One powder was pure white! All from black coal tar!

Word of this experiment spread like wild fire. Chemists the world over began to coddle and wheedle and cajole Mr. Coal to give up his secret of coal tar. Here indeed was a new field worth exploring!

The men worked carefully, examining these gases and liquids and solids. With some they were already familiar. Others were definitely new to them

There was carbolic acid and benzine, toluene and naphthalene, anthracene and pitch. Working with these separately now, amazing wonders began to unfold before

their eyes . . . an astounding new world was opening!

From toluene they evolved a chemical so destructive, so devastating as to be known far and wide. It was trinitrotoluene. Called TNT for short.

From carbolic acid they obtained a substance called picric acid. Picric acid proved to be even more powerful, even more dangerous than TNT, for the slightest shock or jar is sufficient to explode it. Here truly then was a master of all and slave to none. And yet . . . picric acid could be tamed, for under slightly different conditions, it produced a beautiful yellow dye that is widely used.

Anthracene, another derivative, is a sticky substance that proved to be an excellent axle grease.

Napthalene—the pure white powder—is an excellent insecticide and has found wide use in moth-balls.

Mr. Coal was at last beginning to give up his secrets. Benzine, when treated with acids gave up a solution called aniline—a discovery alone worth millions of dollars and of such great magnitude that huge industries sprang up to monopolize this one chemical.

Formerly, dyes were made from different colored insects and plants. Certain of these came from England, others from far off Persia, India, Egypt. It was a costly, slow and cumbersome process.

Now, however, all the colors in the rainbow could be made right in the laboratory from aniline. For from aniline comes the multitude of tints, shades and hues that go to brighten our daily lives.

But dyes were only a small part of Mr. Coal's contribution to better and healthier living. Hidden in the long slumber of coal were important drugs that help to stop pain. Almost everyone has heard of them at one time or another. There's "Antipyrin" made from aniline. It was one of the first headache remedies to be found on drug store counters. So soothing and cooling is the effect of "Antipyrin" that it is also used in eye-washes. "Aspirin," a common word around every home and office, is still another chemical which, derived from carbolic acid, comes from coal.

Mr. Coal does not stop there. He's in the dentist's office too. The dreaded visit to the dentist is now a thing of the past. For a coal tar extraction named Novocain is one of the modern wonder drugs for deadening pain to the point where such visits become new and exciting adventures.

A versatile fellow, this Mr. Coal! Many scents and oils used in perfumes are his work. And flavors! Vanilla ice-cream may be your favorite. Or Wintergreen. You gasp when you learn that these delicious flavors are made from the black, evil smelling substance of coal tar.

But Mr. Coal has been sleeping for so long that he is still not fully awake. It will take time, but almost daily you read or hear of a new wonder of coal. And yet, the science of coal tar is less than one hundred years old!

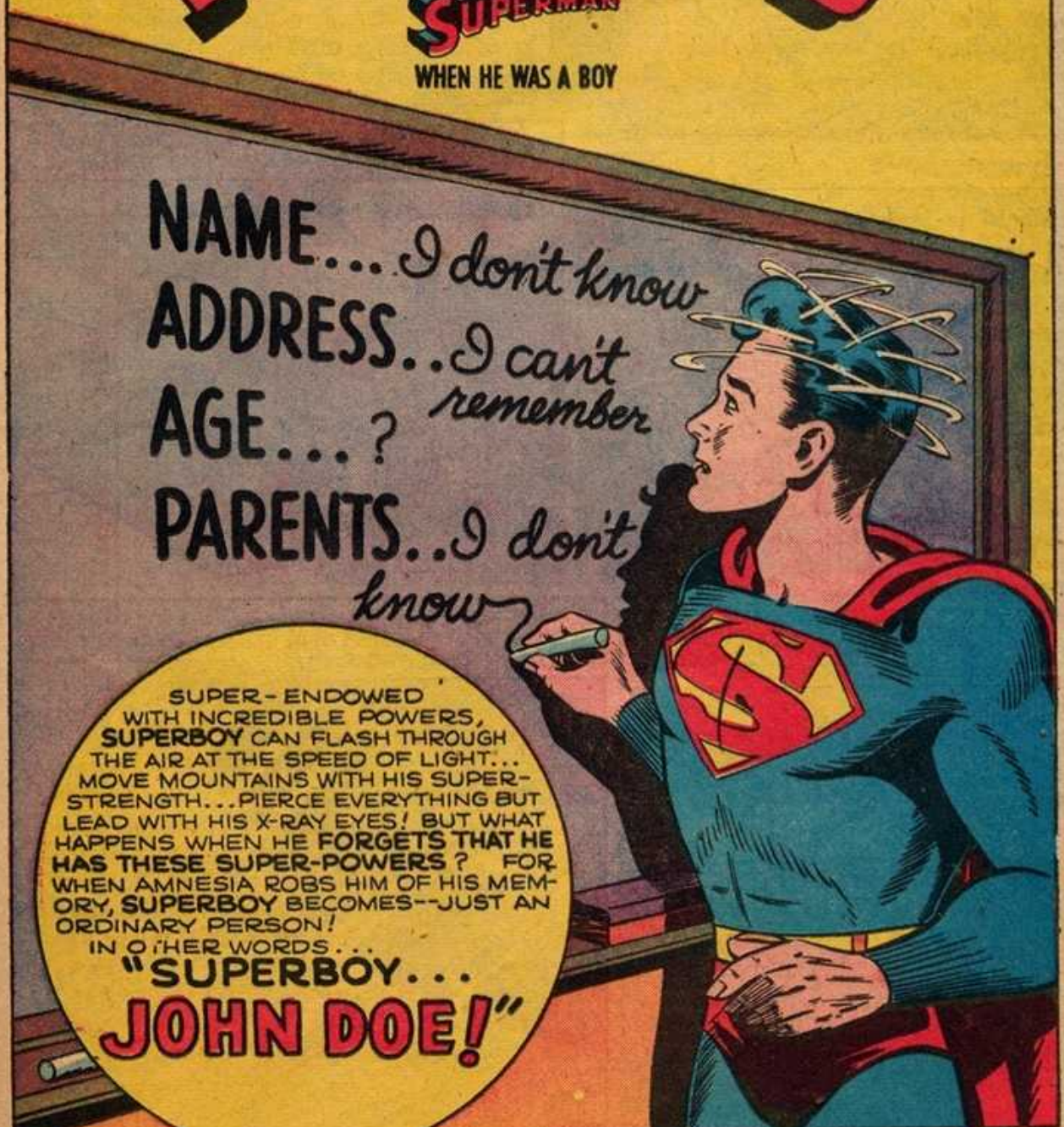
One of the latest wonders is "Nylon." It is hard to believe that this beautiful filament is made of nothing but coal, water and air. Filaments of this modern miracle chemical, made by forcing the coal compound through small holes, can be drawn finer than those of silk, and yet have greater strength and lasting quality.

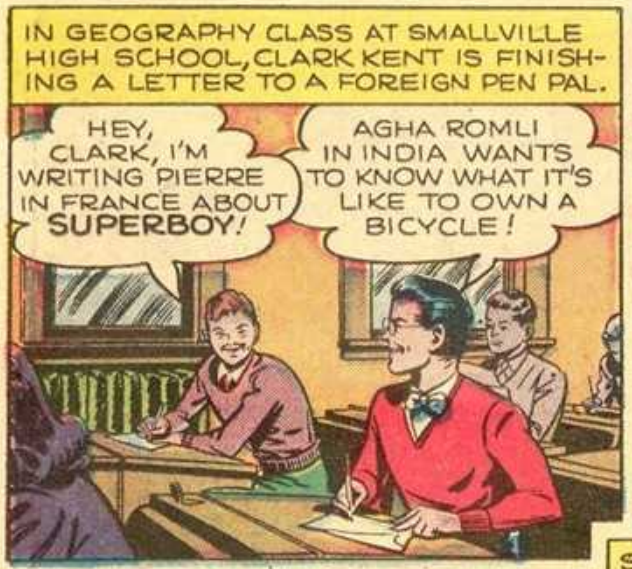
The fine filaments are used in making stockings; others are woven into fabric for dresses, suits, parachutes and countless other everyday articles familiar to all. Heavier filaments are used for tooth brush bristles, and even heavier filaments go into fishing lines and ropes which tow gliders in wartime and peace.

Ages ago, when Mr. Coal was first being formed by nature, tremendous pressures and heat within the earth created magnificent diamond gems which are highly valued. Scientists have even wrangled *this* secret from Mr. Coal. By artificial means, they have taken coke and produced synthetic diamonds. The gems so created were small, true. But who knows that larger stones won't be made tomorrow. Who knows *what* Mr. Coal will produce next, when he goes to work in the laboratory?

SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN WHEN HE WAS A BOY


NAME... I don't know
ADDRESS.. I can't remember
AGE...?
PARENTS.. I don't know
SUPER-ENDOWED WITH INCREDIBLE POWERS, SUPERBOY CAN FLASH THROUGH THE AIR AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT... MOVE MOUNTAINS WITH HIS SUPER-STRENGTH... PIERCE EVERYTHING BUT LEAD WITH HIS X-RAY EYES! BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE FORGETS THAT HE HAS THESE SUPER-POWERS? FOR WHEN AMNESIA ROBS HIM OF HIS MEMORY, SUPERBOY BECOMES--JUST AN ORDINARY PERSON!
IN OTHER WORDS...
"SUPERBOY...
JOHN DOE!"

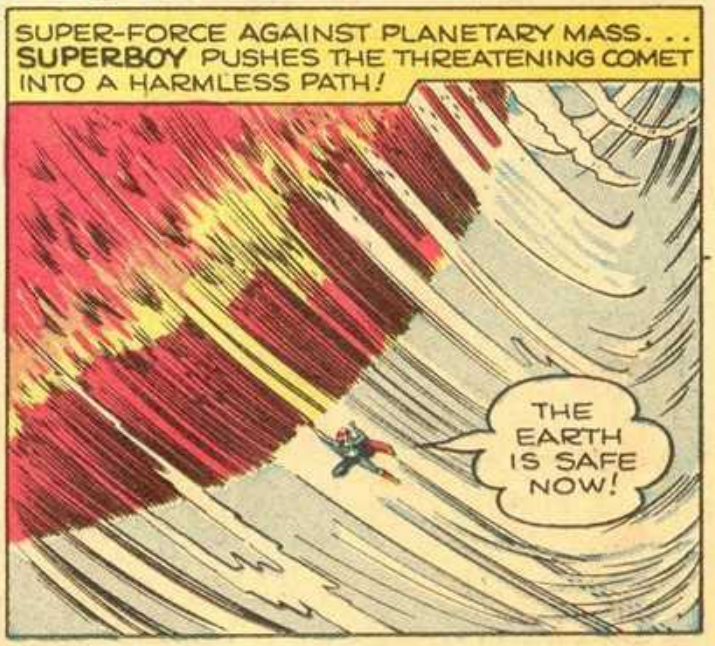

IN GEOGRAPHY CLASS AT SMALLVILLE HIGH SCHOOL, CLARK KENT IS FINISHING A LETTER TO A FOREIGN PEN PAL.
HEY, CLARK, I'M WRITING PIERRE IN FRANCE ABOUT SUPERBOY!
AGHA ROMLI IN INDIA WANTS TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO OWN A BICYCLE!

FINISH UP, CHILDREN! YOU HAVE TO GO TO YOUR ASTRONOMY CLASS!
FROM: CLARK KENT SMALLVILLE, U.S.A.
TO: AGHA ROMLI, BOMBAY, INDIA.

ON THE ROOF OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING...
...THE MOON HAS NO AIR AND IS MUCH SMALLER THAN THE EARTH...
GREAT SCOTT! MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS A COMET HEADING RIGHT FOR EARTH!

SWIFT BEYOND HUMAN EYES TO FOLLOW... CLARK KENT DARTS BEHIND COVER! AND...
SUPERBOY!
GOLLY!

TRAVELING AT COSMIC SPEED, THE BOY OF STEEL RAPIDLY OVERTAKES THE INTERSTELLAR INTERLOPER!
IF A MONSTER LIKE THIS EVER HIT THE EARTH-- NO COMET! BUT NO EARTH EITHER!
2


SUPER-FORCE AGAINST PLANETARY MASS... SUPERBOY PUSHES THE THREATENING COMET INTO A HARMLESS PATH!
THE EARTH IS SAFE NOW!

BUT UNKNOWN TO SUPER-BOY, THE CORE OF THE COMET IS A STRANGE METAL...WHICH GIVES OFF A SINISTER RADIATION!
WELL, THE JOB IS DONE! BUT... I FEEL FUNNY... DIZZY...

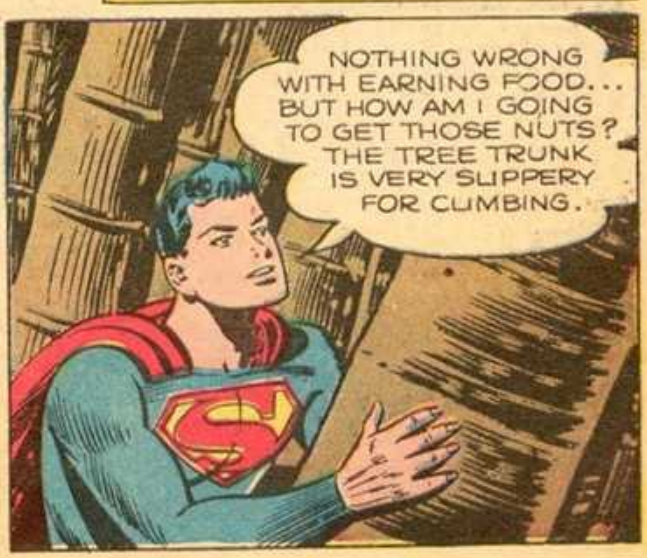
AS THE BOY OF STEEL HEADS HOMEWARD... THE EARTH TURNS ON ITS AXIS, AND SMALL-VILLE, U.S.A., DRAWS FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY!
GOSH! MY HEAD HURTS!

WHAT'S THIS? SUPERBOY HAS FORGOTTEN WHO HE IS! THE THREAT TO EARTH, THE TITANIC TUSSLE WITH THE MARAUDING COMET...ALL FORGOTTEN! FOR THE RADIATION OF THE COMET'S CORE HAS SHORT-CIRCUITED THE BOY OF STEEL'S MEMORY! BUT HOW WILL HE GET IT BACK AGAIN?

SUPERBOY'S FAME OBVIOUSLY HAD NOT YET REACHED THIS ISOLATED PLANTATION.

THUS SUPERBOY WANDERS FORLORNLY THROUGH A STRANGE LAND, SEEKING AT FIRST HIS IDENTITY...AND THEN...

PARDON ME, SIR. I'M HUNGRY...COULD YOU SPARE SOME FOOD?
PEDRO BANCAS GIVES NOTHING FOR NOTHING. GATHER 1,000 COCONUTS AND YOU GET FOOD!
3



PEDRO BANCAS VERY MEAN! TAKE YOU LONG TIME TO GET 1,000 COCONUTS IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW.
WE TIE THONG TO ANKLES FOR CLIMBING.
GOSH, THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION.

IF **SUPERBOY** COULD ONLY REMEMBER HIS SUPER-POWERS! HE COULD STREAK THROUGH THE AIR -- STRIP THE ENTIRE GROVE OF ITS COCONUTS IN A MATTER OF SECONDS! BUT... **SUPERBOY** DOES NOT REMEMBER...

YOU MUST SPEND WHOLE DAY TO PICK 1,000 NUTS. ONLY 25 NUTS TO TREE.
I'M TOO HUNGRY TO WAIT THAT LONG -- MAYBE I CAN DO IT FASTER IF I HURRY.

BUT EVEN WITH HIS MEMORY GONE, **SUPERBOY**'S REFLEXES INSTINCTIVELY COME TO HIS AID -- WITH THIS RESULT!
WHERE HE GO?...THERE HE IS!...NO, THERE!... SO MANY COCONUTS!...

AND SO WHEN THE **BOY OF STEEL** RETURNS FOR HIS FOOD...
YOU SAY YOU PICKED 1,000 COCONUTS ALREADY! IMPOSSIBLE! IT CANNOT BE DONE!
LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

PEDRO BANCAS GOOD MAN TO WORK FOR! I GIVE YOU JOB -- YOU PICK ALL MY COCO-NUTS...I GIVE YOU PLENTY FISH AND RICE...AND PLACE TO SLEEP!
IT'S A DEAL, MR. BANCAS!

BUT PRESENTLY...
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHERE'S EVERYBODY GOING?
PEDRO BANCAS FIRE US, JOE. HE SAY NO NEED US--YOU DO ALL THE WORK NOW!
WITH OR WITHOUT AMNESIA--SUPERBOY KNOWS A DIRTY DEAL WHEN HE HEARS ONE!
YOU MAKE DEAL! GO PICK COCONUTS--QUICK!
WHAT A LOW TRICK...FIRING ALL HIS WORKERS BECAUSE I'M SO MUCH FASTER! BUT THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I AGREED TO PICK ALL THE COCONUTS... BUT I DIDN'T SAY HOW!
INCREDIBLE! SUCH SPEED! HE IS LIKE THE TYPHOON!
SECONDS LATER...
YOU SAY YOU HAVE PICKED ALL THE COCONUTS...BUT WHERE DID YOU PILE THEM?
ALL I PROMISED TO DO WAS PICK THEM! IF YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND THEM...YOU'LL HAVE TO HIRE BACK YOUR WORKERS!
WHEN PEDRO BANCAS HAS RELUCTANTLY REHIRED HIS CREW...
YI! YOU HAVE THROWN THE COCONUTS INTO THE MUD OF THE RICE PADDY? IT WILL COST ME MORE NOW TO GATHER THEM THAN IT WOULD HAVE BEFORE!
THAT'S WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRY TO GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING!
I WAS GREEDY, JOE. YOU STAY HERE, I NOT BE GREEDY ANY MORE.
SORRY, MR. BANCAS. I HAVE TO KEEP TRAVELING TILL I FIND OUT WHO I AM... AND HERE COMES A TRUCK I MIGHT GET A HITCH ON.
GOODBYE, JOE!
COME BACK SOMETIME, JOE!
5

ABOARD THE TRUCK GOING TO MANILA, SUPERBOY SNATCHES A CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY.
THIS PLACE CALLED BALETE PASS, JOE.
SAY! MAYBE MY NAME IS JOE--EVERYBODY CALLS ME THAT!
NO, JOE. PHILIPPINE CUSTOM TO CALL AMERICANOS JOE.
IT'S AWFUL NOT TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE. I GUESS I DON'T BELONG ON THESE ISLANDS--NOBODY HERE KNOWS ME. MAYBE I CAME FROM THE MAINLAND. IF I GO THERE, SOMEBODY MIGHT RECOGNIZE ME.

AND SO SUPERBOY, NEVER SUSPECTING THAT HE CAN EASILY OUTDISTANCE A PLANE...GETS A RIDE AT THE AIRFIELD!
GOLLY! THE PILOT SAID I CAN RIDE WITH HIM FREE!
IF SUPERBOY WANTS TO RIDE INSTEAD OF FLY THROUGH THE AIR, IT'S HIS BUSINESS!

OVER THE RESTLESS SEA, FLYING STIRS VAGUE MEMORIES IN SUPERBOY'S TROUBLED MIND.
I SEEM TO REMEMBER FLYING BEFORE...BUT I DON'T THINK IT WAS IN A PLANE. THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, THOUGH. HOW COULD ANYBODY FLY *WITHOUT* A PLANE?

SOON...THE ANCIENT, CROWDED STREETS OF CHINA!
OUT OF SO MANY PEOPLE, SOMEBODY'S SURE TO KNOW ME!... HMM... WHO'S IN TROUBLE?
SOB! SOB!
6

MY WIFE IS SICK... I MUST BUY MEDICINE. (SOB!) I WORK TWO DAYS AND TWO NIGHTS TO GET MONEY. (SOB!) NO SLEEP. I AM SO TIRED...
HE IS A LAZY SNAIL! HE WILL GET NO MONEY FROM ME!

I'M PLENTY FAST AND NOT TIRED AT ALL. I'LL TAKE OVER SO YOU CAN GET SOME REST.
WONG IS VERY GRATEFUL!
AS THE BOY OF STEEL PULLS WONG'S RICKSHA SPEEDILY THROUGH THE STREET...
GREAT SCOTT! SUPERBOY--HERE! IF I COULD ASK HIM TO POSE FOR A NEWSREEL SHOT...NO, I CAN'T BREAK IN ON HIM WHILE HE'S ON AN IMPORTANT CASE!
A SHOUTED NAME, A QUESTION OR TWO...AND SUPERBOY WOULD EASILY LEARN HIS IDENTITY! BUT THE TWO PASS EACH OTHER LIKE SHIPS IN THE NIGHT...

AND SOON...
GET OUT OF THE WAY OR GO FASTER!
I CAN'T GET OUT OF THE WAY, BUT MAYBE I CAN GO A LITTLE FASTER!
HONK HONK

A SUDDEN BURST OF SUPER-SPEED... AND THE YOUTH'S SUPER-MUSCLES EASILY OVERCOME EARTH'S GRAVITY!
LOOK! THE RICKSHA IS FLYING!
WHAT--? HOW DID I GET UP HERE?
LET ME DOWN!

SUPERBOY DISCOVERS ANOTHER OF HIS MANY SUPER-POWERS! AND THIS GIVES HIM AN IDEA...
IF I CAN FLY, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE MORE MONEY FOR POOR WONG!
THE FLYING RICKSHA
7

I AM THE NEXT PASSENGER IN THE FLYING RICKSHA!
WOULD THAT I MIGHT RIDE ALL DAY IN IT!
Try a FLYING RICKSHA RIDE

AT THE END OF THE DAY, WHEN SUPER-BOY RETURNS THE RICKSHA...
BY MY ANCESTORS! NOW MY WIFE CAN GO TO THE DOCTOR! YOU ARE VERY GOOD BOY!
I WISH I KNEW THAT GOOD BOY'S NAME, WONG. ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?
WONG NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE... BUT HE WISHES YOU COULD BE HIS PARTNER!
I KNOW, WONG. BUT I MUST KEEP GOING UNTIL I MEET SOMEONE WHO KNOWS ME.
SWIFT AS A SPARK, SUPERBOY SPEEDS OVER THE TEEMING MULTITUDES OF CHINA...TO THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF BURMA.
A ROAD BEING BUILT DOWN THERE! I CAN STOP OFF AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT...AND MAYBE SOME DIRECTIONS.
BUT ON THE GROUND...
CRYING? WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
BOO-HOO! I AM SO MISERABLE!
EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME BECAUSE I WANT TO BE AN ELEPHANT GIRL! THEY SAY I CAN BE ONE AND HELP BUILD THE ROAD...IF I TAME WAMBO! BUT WAMBO IS VICIOUS!
I SEE. WELL, PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU TAME HIM!
DON'T PUT ME ON WAMBO! HE'LL HURT ME!
NO DANGER! I CAN LIFT YOU OFF BEFORE HE DOES ANYTHING VIOLENT!

LIKE A GIGANTIC BRONCO, THE UNTAMED JUNGLE BEHEMOTH REBELS AT BEING RIDDEN!
HE IS HEADING FOR OUR CAMP! HE WILL CRUSH SOMEONE!
NOT IF I GET THERE FIRST!
SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, SUPERBOY CLEARS A PATH FOR THE STAMPEDING MONSTER!
ENRAGED, THE MASSIVE BEAST WHIRLS! AND...
OH! HE WILL CRUSH YOU WITH HIS TRUNK!
THIS'LL TEACH YOU MANNERS!
NOW SAVE ME!
I WILL! WHOA, THERE!... HUH? I'M LIFTING THE ELEPHANT RIGHT OFF THE GROUND!
AND SO THE BOY OF STEEL HAS REDISCOVERED STILL ANOTHER ONE OF HIS POWERS--HIS SUPER-STRENGTH!
GOODNESS, YOU ARE STRONG! YOU KNOCKED WAMBO UNCONSCIOUS!
SO I HAVE! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE RIDING HIM... BUT IMAGINE!... I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOCK OUT AN ELEPHANT! YET I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO I AM!
LATER, AFTER SUPERBOY HAS EATEN AND RECEIVED DIRECTIONS...
NOW THAT YOU HAVE TAMED WAMBO... EVEN A GIRL CAN RIDE HIM!
AND I AM THE FIRST ELEPHANT GIRL IN THE WORLD!
ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GO ON--UNTIL I LEARN MY NAME!
9

AND SO, IN HIS STRANGE ODYSSEY IN SEARCH OF HIS IDENTITY... **SUPERBOY** COMES TO BOMBAY, INDIA.

IN A BIG CITY LIKE THIS, *SOMEONE IS* BOUND TO KNOW ME!

SUDDENLY, **SUPERBOY** SIGHTS A NATIVE YOUTH IN DISTRESS...

OH! THE SHIP LEFT BEFORE I COULD MAIL MY LETTER! IT IS FOR MY PEN PAL IN AMERICA!

LET ME HAVE THE LETTER. I'LL GET IT TO THE SHIP FOR YOU.

I ALWAYS SEEM TO BE HELPING OTHER PEOPLE. I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD HELP ME FIND OUT MY NAME!

IRONIC FATE! BY SIMPLY TURNING OVER THE ENVELOPE, **SUPERBOY** COULD SEE THE NAME THAT MIGHT STIR THE CHORDS OF MEMORY!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, KID. THAT FLYING IS A NICE CIRCUS TRICK!

From Asha Ranch Bombay, India

To Clark Kent Smallville U.S.A.

LATER, ON THE STREETS OF BOMBAY...

PLEASE! DOES ANYBODY HERE KNOW MY NAME?

NO, BOY.

NOT I.

HUH? THAT'S **SUPERBOY**--BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO HE IS! HE MUST BE SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA!

MEET "NATURAL" KEENE... GAMBLER, CONFIDENCE MAN...

A PERFECT SET-UP! **SUPERBOY** DOESN'T KNOW HIS NAME... AND IF I DISGUISE HIM, NOBODY ELSE WILL, EITHER! HM... I CAN USE HIM TO WIN A BET FROM TOM FALCO, THE EXPLORER.

I THINK I CAN HELP YOU, SONNY. I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE... BUT STICK WITH NATURAL KEENE AND YOUR PROBLEM IS AS GOOD AS SOLVED!
GOLLY! THAT'S VERY GOOD OF YOU, MR. KEENE!
STICKING WITH NATURAL KEENE MEANS... A MULE TRIP TO THE MIGHTIEST MOUNTAIN ON EARTH--MT. EVEREST!
I COULD HAVE FLOWN US HERE MUCH FASTER, MR. KEENE!
WHY--UH--WE MIGHT HAVE MISSED CLUES! (WHEW! CAN'T LET HIM REVEAL HE'S SUPERBOY...THAT'D SPOIL MY RACKET!)
ARE YOU SURE I'LL FIND A CLUE TO MY IDENTITY HERE?
MAYBE NOT, BUT WE HAVE TO START SOMEWHERE!... PUT ON THIS PARKA. GETS COLD UP HERE. THEN BED DOWN THE MULES. (THAT PARKA WILL HIDE HIS SUPER-BOY COSTUME!)
WHILE SUPERBOY TENDS THE ANIMALS...KEENE VISITS THE DEFEATED FALCO EXPEDITION.
NOBODY WILL EVER CLIMB MT. EVEREST! IT'S ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE!
HEH-HEH! THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT SUPERBOY HERE! HE HAS AMNESIA...HE'LL BE IN DISGUISE... AND I'LL GET HIM TO CLIMB MT. EVEREST--AFTER I MAKE A BIG BET WITH RICH OLD FALCO!
I HAPPENED TO OVERHEAR YOUR REMARK, MR. FALCO. I'LL BET ANYTHING YOU LIKE THAT MY BOY CAN REACH THE TOP!
IT'S A BET, SIR! $100,000 TO YOUR $5,000!
HIS BET MADE, KEENE SLYLY BEGUILES THE BOY OF STEEL...
LOOK, KID--SOMEBODY HERE IS WILLING TO PAY IF YOU CAN REACH THE PEAK WITHOUT FLYING! AND WE NEED MONEY TO FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE!
I GUESS WE DO. I'LL CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN!
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EVEN WITH HIS MEMORY GONE, SUPERBOY RETAINS HIS SUPER-AGILITY! AND SOON...
WHEN I MOVE FAST, THIS ISN'T REALLY MUCH SLOWER THAN FLYING!... HMM. A STORM IS COMING UP.
AND AT THE BASE OF THE MAJESTIC PEAK...
AMAZING! HE'S REACHED THE 25,000 FOOT MARK ALREADY! WHO IS THIS LAD?
OH, JUST A KID I TRAINED. WHEN HE FIRES THAT FLARE GUN I GAVE HIM...HE'LL BE AT THE SUMMIT! AND I'LL TAKE 100 GRAND!
MINUTES LATER... THE BOY OF STEEL IS THE FIRST HUMAN TO SCALE TREACHEROUS MT. EVEREST! AND AS HE FIRES THE FLARE OF TRIUMPH...
CRASH!
...A LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES THE GUN'S STEEL BARREL.
AMAZINGLY, THE BOLT OF BRUTE POWER ACTS AS A SHOCK TREATMENT--RESTORING HIS LOST MEMORY!
WHY--I'M SUPERBOY! KEENE KNEW IT-- THAT'S WHY HE DISGUISED ME IN THIS PARKA... SO THE OTHERS WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! BUT I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON!
SUPERBOY FLEXES HIS INCREDIBLY POWERFUL MUSCLES! AND...
ALL BETS ARE OFF, KEENE! THAT'S SUPERBOY-- AND ANYBODY KNOWS SUPERBOY CAN CLIMB MT. EVEREST!
THE RAT! HE GOT BACK HIS MEMORY AND DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!
AND SO THE LONG, TENSE SEARCH ENDS WHERE IT BEGAN...IN SCHOOL.
YOU SAY THERE'S AT LEAST ONE ELEPHANT GIRL IN ASIA, CLARK? HOW DO YOU KNOW?
WHY--ER-- I MUST HAVE READ IT SOMEWHERE.
THE END.